lilies dreaming, temples roofed with groves of
white iris, women lovely as houris in purple
and orange draperies posing like goddesses with
brass bowls and samovars. For we are in the
land of the almond blossom, at the meeting of
the empires, and all the glories of the world
seem to be massed together here. Bijou
water hens submerge themselves *in toto* at our
approach, shy as girls surprised in bathing,
giant adjutant cranes stand up emotionless as
money-lenders waiting for their prey, and at my
feet a little girl lies in the shikara, coiled and
twisted like a small brown snake, crooning
Hindu ditties in a minor strain. On past the
Pari Mahal, the Fairies Palace, which looks
like a Buddhist Gompa, on Zebauman
Mountain which Dara Shikoh, Shah Jehan's
martyred son, built for his tutor Mullah Shah.
Here it is said a wicked magician once lived
by the power of his magic and spirited away the
astral bodies of king's daughters in their sleep.
One princess by order of her royal father,
brought away a chenar * leaf to indicate the

abode of her seducer, whereupon all the kings of India seized the wicked enchanter and tore him to pieces.

* Plane tree.

Then